



Donald D Brunner

May 21, 1937 – June 2, 2024

Donald Dean Brunner, beloved son, husband, brother, father and grandfather died at the age of 87 on June 2, 2024.

A memorial will be held at 6pm Thursday, June 20, 2024, at Moran & Goebel Funeral Home. Visitation will take place prior to the service, beginning at 4pm.

Don was born May 21, 1937, in Macon, Illinois, the son of William and Irene Brunner. Don was preceded in death by his parents, his wife Sheila Allen whom he married in 1958, and his brothers Dickie and Billie. He is survived by his four children; Don II (Annika) of Los Angeles, California; Steve (Gail) of Crystal Lake, Illinois; Annie (Darren) of Vancouver, Washington; Rich (Laura) of White Heath, Illinois; grandchildren: Ellen, Donnie, Faith, Hanna, Marcus, his great grandson Jack, and two brothers Gary and Terry.

An electrician by trade and proud member of IBEW Local 146, Don was the first electrician Bodine Electric hired. At the age of forty, he quit his foreman job and started his own electrical business. But that wasn't the only risk he took that year. Don also went into farming with his good buddy Don Walker. He excelled at both. Don was also an avid hunter, traveling every October with his group of friends. They normally hunted out west in places like Montana and Colorado. But two of the trips they became more adventurous, trekking all the way up to Alaska and over the ocean to Africa.

Don had a wicked sense of humor and loved to play practical jokes. One of which was on his oldest son. Having just received a grizzly bear rug from one of his hunting trips - Don propped the bear up on a chair by the front door while the rest of the family waited for Donnie to return home from a date. As Donnie entered the house, his scream was so loud he didn't hear the family's laughter. Donnie leaped off the porch and was halfway up the lane before Don was able to stop him.

Don loved the outdoors. Especially the ocean. Summer trips always included a beach. He would wait all year only to end up sunburnt on the very first day. (Thinking the baby oil didn't help). Don loved his family. His John Deere. Collecting guns. Chocolate. Popcorn - in any flavor. Motorcycles. The Malibu Seafood Shack (which he discovered on a family vacation. Surprise, it's right next to the beach). And making his famous oyster dressing for Thanksgiving and Christmas. He was also a Mr. Fixit. You could always find him tinkering on something, usually his beloved John Deere.

On a personal note - I'd like to share my favorite memory of my dad. I was around five. Every morning I'd find him in the bathroom getting ready for work. A face full of lather, he'd sing while he shaved: "The old hometown looks the same, as I step down from the train. And there to meet me is my mama and papa. Down the road I look and there runs Mary. Hair of gold and lips like cherries, it's good to touch the green, green grass of home..." And boy did he love our home. Partly because he built it from the ground up. But mostly, he loved the land. There was nothing he enjoyed more than sitting out on the deck. Staring out over the pasture, into the woods beyond. It's not easy saying goodbye, but I know in my heart, my Dad is back in his favorite place, once again touching the green green grass of home.